

ARIZONA CHAMPION.

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NO. 3.

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SECRET SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 11, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting Brothers in good standing cordially invited to attend. C. R. BAYLESS, N. G. A. S. ALVORD, Sec.

T. E. G. RAMSON.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 42, meets at G. A. R. Hall every two weeks on Thursday, at 2 o'clock P. M. Mrs. P. B. RUMSEY, Pres. Mrs. LENA ELMORE, Sec'y.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE.

No. 7, F. & A. M. Regular meetings of this Lodge at Masonic Hall on the fourth Monday in each month. Sojourning Brethren cordially invited to attend. J. W. SHARP, W. A. Examining Committee: W. H. Hill, Niles J. Cameron, John Rosebough.

O. E. S.

MOUNT FRISCO CHAPTER, No. 4, O. E. S. Regular convocations in Masonic Hall, second and fourth Friday nights in each month. Malissa E. West, Worthy Matron, J. E. BURCHARD, Worthy Patron, J. GUTHRIE SAVAGE, Sec'y.

ROYAL ARMS MASONS.

STATED CONVOCATIONS on the third Saturday in each month in Masonic Hall at 8 P. M. Sojourning Companions are cordially invited. J. E. BURCHARD, H. P. F. W. H. GUTTER, Sec'y.

RANSOM POST.

No. 4, G. A. R., meets at Grand Army Hall, on the second and last Saturday in each month. Visiting Companions are invited to attend. GEO. HOSKINS, P. C. L. L. BURNS, Adjutant.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE.

No. 8, F. O. P. Regular convention of this Lodge held every Tuesday evening in Kilpatrick's Hall. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited. H. E. CAMPBELL, C. C. N. G. LAYTON, K. of R. & S.

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REFERENCES:—Bank of Arizona, Prescott, Ariz.; Arizona Lumber Co., Flagstaff.

FATEFUL LETTER "M."

The Significance of That Letter to Napoleon's Meteoric Career.

The first one who discovered Napoleon's genius was Marbot in the College Militaire. The battle of Marengo was the first won by Gen. Bonaparte; upon this Melas yielded his place in Italy to him. Later, one of his best generals was Mortier, whose opposite, Napoleon's betrayer, was Moreau. Murat was the first victim of his political strategy. Maria Louisa shared the time of his highest fortune; Moscow became the scene of his fall and Metterich vanquished him on the battlefield of diplomacy. Six of his generals (Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat and Moncey) and twenty-six division generals had the initial "M" to their names. Marek, Duke of Bassano, was his truest adherent. Montalivet was his minister and his first chancellor was a Montesquieu. His last residence in France was Malmaison. The captain's name who took him to St. Helena was Maitland, and his companions there were Montolion and his servant Marchand.

The wife of Napoleon III was a Montijo and his most intimate friend was Morny. The greatest triumph for him and his army during the Crimean war was the taking of Malatoff and Mamelon. The names Montebello and Magenta appear in the foreground in Italian war. Later it is MacMahon, who played one of the most important roles during the Franco-German war and who was appointed Duke of Magenta by Napoleon.

Then we come to the epoch when Napoleon entered Maitland and shortly after drove the Austrians out of Marano. His greatest enemy was Mazzini. After the battle of Solferino on the Minico, Napoleon closed the gates of Mantua. Then followed the sad affair of Mexico and Emperor Maximilian.

In the year 1870 Metz was one of the aims of the French operations, but being driven back over the Moselle the destiny of Napoleon found a fatal conclusion at Sedan, on the Moselle. Then followed the capitulation of Metz, but all his disaster was brought about by the wisdom of one of the greatest strategists of our times and the German fatherland, Moltke. —From the German.

"Poor Mamma!"

Not many things in the life of a boy seem more important to him than his first getting into trousers. It is to be doubted, indeed, if he is likely to find much in his life that will give him joy so keen and unmingled, and when Master Jamie, having reached the mature age of "most five," as he put it, was given his first pair of knickerbockers, the whole family were naturally called upon to rejoice with him.

It was after his first transports of delight were over, and he was able to speak of the great event with calmness, that Jamie came to his mother, and, after parading up and down before her two or three times, said in a tone of perfect satisfaction:

"O mamma, pants make me feel so like somebody! Don't I look real grown up, mamma?" His mother smilingly told him that he certainly did, and that she could not feel that he was her baby any more.

"Didn't it make you feel grown up, mamma," Jamie began, "when you?"

He stopped short. "It had evidently come to his mind that his mother had never known this deep delight which so filled his soul. He looked at her a moment, an expression of the deepest pity coming over his face, and then he took her hand in both of his and laid it against his cheek.

"Poor mamma!" he said, softly. "Poor mamma! If you'd been my little girl, I'd have let you wear pants just the same as if you'd been a boy." —Youth's Companion.

Electric Currents of the Skin.

An interesting study has been lately made by Herr Tarchenoff of electric currents in the skin from mental excitation. Unpolishable clay electrodes, connected with a delicate galvanometer, were applied to various parts—hands, fingers, feet, toes, nose, ear and back, and, after compensation of any currents which occurred during rest, the effects of mental stimulation were noted. Light tickling with a brush causes, after a few seconds' period of latency, a gradually increasing strong deflection. Hot water has a like effect, cold or the pain from a needle prick a less. Sound, light, taste and smell stimuli act similarly. If the eyes have been closed some time, mere opening of them causes a considerable deflection from the skin of the hand. It is remarkable that these skin currents also arise when the sensations are merely imagined. Mental effort produces currents varying with its amount. If a person is in tense expectation the galvanometer makes irregular oscillations. In all the experiments it appeared that, with equal nerve excitation, the strength of the skin currents depended on the degree to which the part of the skin bearing the electrodes was furnished with sweat glands. —Electrician.

Treat Old People Well.

There is nothing in the world more pathetic than the meek, timid, shrinking ways of certain old people—we have all seen them—who have given up their old homes into younger hands, and subsided into some out-of-the-way corner of it, to sit by the fireside and table henceforth as if afraid of "making trouble," afraid of being "in the way," afraid of accepting half what is their due, and going down to their graves with a pitiful, deprecating air as if constantly apologizing for staying so long. There is no scorn too deep and sharp for the sons and daughters who will accept this attitude on the part of those to whom they owe so much. —Christian Union.

The Nonotuck Silk company generates power from a water wheel at its lowest mill in Leeds, Mass., then turns it into electricity, conveys it to the new mill thirty rods above, where it is converted into motion by means of a dynamo, and thus does the work of a sixty-five-horse-power engine.

Better Than a Romance.

The story of the wooing of Mr. Henry Gladstone, son of the ex-premier, and Miss Maud Rendel, has just transpired. It seems that the two met in the summer of 1889 at Posillipo, the young lady's father having at that picturesque little hamlet on the gulf of Naples a lovely villa. One beautiful evening the two were in the garden overlooking the water upon which the moonlight hung like a misty gauze; the scene was one of poetic loveliness—young Gladstone felt that there never could be a fairer spot or a better moment for the confession of his love, so he declared himself to his innamorata with a fervor which the picturesque of the surroundings enhanced, if it did not inspire. Instead, however, of answering him the pretty girl covered her face with her hands and fled precipitately into the villa.

Of course this astounded the young lover; he could not understand it at all; should he interpret the maiden's conduct as a rejection? If so, it were better for him to leave Posillipo at once. But no, his Scotch instincts came to his rescue; he had done the proper thing properly—he would bide his time. Next morning after breakfast, at which his idol did not appear, he sought the garden and mended gloomily therein, wondering what tactics he ought to pursue. Suddenly he heard Miss Maud call to him, and turning he beheld that young girl advancing. She put both her hands in his and said, with charming frankness: "I would not answer you last night fearing you were under the influence of the insidious summer evening and of the poetical and almost magical scene, and that it was not your heart that spoke; so I would hear in the daytime if you love me, and, if it is so, I will tell you that I am willing to give you my life and my love."

Now, isn't this bit of truth quite as pretty as anything that could be culled from fiction?—Eugene Field's London Letter in Chicago News.

Book Teaching of Science.

I once visited a large high school, one of the best in the country, with a science teacher whose studies have won him the respect of his fellow workers. But for some reason, on that day at least, he failed to bring his own knowledge into the classroom. I heard him quizzing a class of boys and girls on animals—not on the animals of the woods and fields, not on the animals before them, for there were none, but on the edentates of South America. An especial point was to find out whether it is the nine banded armadillo (novemcinctus) or the three banded armadillo (tridactylus) which does not dig a hole in the ground for its nest. The book written by a man who did not know an armadillo from a mud turtle, gives this piece of information. It was in the lesson, and the students must get it. And on this and like subjects these boys and girls were wasting their precious time—precious because, if they do not learn to observe in their youth, they will never learn, and the horizon of their lives will be always narrower and darker than it should have been.

Already the work of that day is a blank. They have forgotten the nine banded armadillo and the three banded, and so has their teacher, and so have I. All that remains with them is a mild hatred of the armadillo and of the edentates in general, and a feeling of relief at being no longer under their baleful influence. But with this usually goes the determination never to study zoology again. And when these students later come to the college, they know no more of science and its methods than they did when at the age of 1 year they first cried for the moon. —David Starr Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

Death Rate of Ministers.

Comparing the death rate of ministers, in respect of the causes of death, with the mortality of other men, the following results are obtained: Of 86,331 clergymen, 189 died of infectious diseases. The usual experience of an insurance company would have made the number 239; that is, the mortality of the clergymen was only 79 per cent. of the ordinary death rate. The death rate of physicians from these diseases was 127 above the usual rate, pointing to the greater danger of contagion in the case of the physician than in that of the pastor. Of lung affections, excluding consumption, 311 clergymen died, instead of 328, the number expected from mortality tables. Physicians died of such diseases 15 per cent. above the average rate. Between the ages of 26 and 45 the mortality of Roman Catholic clergymen compared with Protestant ministers of the same age was as 137 to 109, while between the ages of 46 and 65 the difference was as 154 to 109, and between the ages of 65 and 85 as 118 to 109. How to explain this striking difference is no easy task. It is suggested that it may be connected with the life of celibacy followed by the priests, as well as with the rigid penances of Catholic ecclesiastics, which, especially in the case of young men, are apt to derange the digestive organs. —Medical Journal.

Lamb's Protest to Coleridge.

No man with a keen perception of the ludicrous can take him seriously. So when Coleridge addressed to Lamb those maudlin verses entitled, "This Lime-tree Bower My Prison," during a visit to him at Nether Stovey of the brother and sister, in which he gushes over the "gentle hearted Charles," the latter revolted. "For God's sake, don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle hearted in print, or do it in better verse! Substitute drunken dog, ragged head, sold shaven, odd-eyed, stuttering and any other epithet which truly and properly belongs to the gentleman in question." —Benjamin Ellis Martin in Scribner.

The Multiplying Coin.

Put a tumbler with water, put a sixpence in it, and holding a plate over the top, turn it upside down. The sixpence will fall down on the plate and appear to be a shilling, while at the same time a sixpence will seem to be swimming in the glass. This can also be done with a twenty-five cent piece. —San White in Sunny Hour.

CREDIT BROKERS.

Merchants Through Whom a Man Can Get Anything on Trust.

"A what?" "A credit broker. Didn't you ever hear of a credit broker? Well, it is a new business, to be sure, this credit brokerage, but it is an active one."

An uptown business man adjusted his eyeglasses to read a little card he held in his hand and proceeded to close to a reporter some of the mysteries of this new trade.

"Lots of folks, you know," he continued, "haven't much money." The reporter agreed that there might be some people in this condition.

"The absence of a large income does not relieve them from the desire to live comfortably and keep up a good appearance on a small salary. They have to go in debt or buy things on the installment plan. Some people are not well enough known to get credit from the regular old established firms. It is to the relief of such people the credit broker comes. If you want a suit of clothes, made to order or 'hand me down,' he will send you to a first class place where you can present his card and get what you want without further question, though the merchant may never have seen you before. He will then give you an order to some furniture dealer, if you want, and you can have your house furnished and fitted out on the same terms. Or with his indorsement you can have your children fitted with new store clothes and you can get shoes for yourself, your wife and all the little ones without any ready money. You can get a watch and seal ring for yourself and earnings for your wife. If you are a carpenter or workman of any sort you can get tools in the same simple way. In short, you can get anything you want. You can even get your teeth filled or an aching molar dislocated. You can be fitted out with a new suit of clothes, a beaver hat and cane, shoes, studs, a watch and chain and all the other jewelry necessary to the complete outfit of a gentleman, besides fresh tie, clean collar and cuffs, stiff 'billed' shirt and enough at home for a change—you can get all these things on credit, though your face and name are not known to a merchant in town, if you have an order from the credit broker."

"The business is started in this way. A man who has enough means to make his credit good with merchants has a large circle of friends whom he knows to be honest and reliable, but who have no credit with merchants, not being known. With this to start on he decides to become a credit broker. He gets up a list of reputable merchants in various lines and makes an arrangement with them under which they are to give credit to any one presenting an order from him and are to pay him a commission on the trade, he being responsible for the debt. He then gives orders to his friends and acquaintances who want to buy on credit, but have no acquaintance with dealers in the things they want. They buy their goods and pay him in installments or spot down at a certain time. The man entering into this business must of course know the men he is trusting, but having a large circle of acquaintances he can easily determine whom of them he can trust, and can get enough regular and reliable customers to make him a good business. A man in one of the departments or in any business establishment where a great many persons are employed may work up a good business as a credit broker. The man whose card I hold here has gone regularly into the business as a credit broker. He has arrangements with some ten or fifteen reliable business houses, to which he sends his patrons and from which he gets a good commission on every sale upon his order. He makes from \$150 to \$250 per month out of the business and very seldom makes a bad debt." —Washington Star.

A Splendid Dredger.

A curious machine for cleaning out the Sacramento river and various bars is about to be constructed at San Francisco. The machine is not a dredger, but a great submarine plow, which simply clears the channel as it runs. It is propelled by three engines of the combined power of 54 horses, and while going at the rate of 12 miles or more an hour scoops out a space 6 feet deep and forty feet wide. The debris is shovelled on either side so that instead of the banks being weakened they are strengthened. —New Orleans Picayune.

Another Big Bridge.

Encouraged by the success of the Fort bridge, French engineers have formed a syndicate to build a bridge over the Bosphorus between Roumeli and Anadolu Hissar. The plan has a length of 800 meters, which is to be a single span, or half again the length of the longest span in the Fort bridge, and the height will be 70 meters. Nothing is yet settled, but it is probable that the concession will eventually be obtained and the connection of Europe and Asia by a railway will thus be established. —Cor. New York Times.

Some Costly Gems.

The largest and most beautiful cat's eye in the world weighs 170 carats, is owned in London and is insured for \$8,000 rupees. The finest private collection of pearls in the world is owned by Mme. Dosne, sister-in-law of M. Thiers. The biggest emerald in the world weighs 2,980 carats, and is in the imperial jewel office, in Vienna. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Forests!

"Give me your heart, sweetheart!" he cried, "You have my love for life. Give me your heart, and be my bride, My loved and honored wife!"

Her rounded cheek grew rosy red—Downward her gaze she bent—"I can't give you my heart," she said, "Because—you see—it's Lent." —Somerville Journal.

Cool in the Midst of Danger.

Mrs. Babegood—I'm going shopping, Loisette. Is anything needed for the nursery? Loisette—Oh, madame, Lestie Harold, eat you call—swallow bee's r-r-rattle zis morning. Et vas zis silvaire one wiz zis bells, madame. Possibly you can it match. —Tid Bits.

Mr. Lo Identifies Himself. Yesterday afternoon a prematurely old and shriveled Plute was sunning himself on a rock near his wickup, below the Ophir dump. With motionless form and grim, sober visage, he sat pensively eyeing the distant snow capped mountains. Apparently he was overhauling the past and thinking of the many glorious feats of valor he had long ago performed by wood and stream among those same lofty hills, and of how different a good many things are now from what they were then, before the tricky palseface had sneaked in and gobbled up the poor Plute's birthright.

A San Francisco lady and gentleman were walking by the campsite, on their way to inspect the California pan mill. After they had passed about a rod beyond the dusky old miser he suddenly recalled himself, and vociferated a hearty, rousing "Good morning, madam!" The startled lady turned around and said: "Why—how do you do, sir?" and evidently much astonished, then blurted out, "Who are you, anyhow?" "I am Lo," said the Indian. "Low—Mr. Low? Why, you are an Indian, aren't you?" "Yes, madam; a man of 'untutored mind.'"

"You astonish me! What are you doing here?" "Here—seated here, I see God in the cloud and hear Him in the wind." "And, looking as you do, you quote Pope?" "Ay, looking as I do," said the old Plute, as he turned and walked away, leaving the lady to stare after him and wonder.

The old Plute was one who was sent east about thirty years ago to be educated, and who spent three or four years in Oberlin college, Ohio. When he came back to Nevada he at once settled down again into the shiftless ways of his people. His home is at or near Wadsworth, but he occasionally strays up this way.—Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

Her Explanation.

You know the gentlemen are taking advantage of Lenten quiet to get their calls out of the way. The other night two or three "dropped in upon" a young lady many of us know well, who's bright and quick witted, but apt to speak right in to meet in, in a way more frank than eloquent. She was extremely tired, and conversation flagged. She had yawned several times, evidently not noticing it, when she caught one of the callers looking at her with an expression that told he was only waiting to study out a plan for leaving gracefully. Miss—completely ended her yawn and, paralyzed the gentleman by saying, with a graceful wave of her jeweled hand, "Please excuse me, gentlemen. Not bored, but bilious." —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Cart Before the Horse.

Barre's "Life of Edwin Forrest" contains many interesting anecdotes of the famous tragedian; but there still remain many which have never been printed. Once, when he was playing "William Tell" in Boston, Sargent, General's lieutenant, should have remarked: "I see you love a jest; but just not now." Imagine Forrest's feelings when that worthy declaimed: "I see you love a jest; but just not now!" —New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Grand Laugh.

Charley (meeting friend on the avenue)—I say, Jack, I stopped in the Brunswick to write a note, 'r' h' m' and saw up the avenue all the girls gave me the grand laugh, bah bah jove! Anything wrong with my personal appearance? Jack—Why, no, Charley, you look as pretty as I ever saw you, but you might take that pen from your ear. —New York Sun.

A Firm Piece of Goods.

"Did I understand you to say, Mrs. Kendricks," inquired Dumley, who was trying to carve the duck, "that this is a canvas back?" "Yes," returned the landlady. "Why?" "I was going to remark that there is nothing of the shoddy about the material." —New York Sun.

Retired.

Miss Travis—I understand that your engagement has been broken off? Miss De Smith (who has been taking lessons at the girls' athletic club)—Yes, I have retired from the ring. —Burlington Free Press.

Hard to Sustain With Dignity.

Bilks—Do you live near here, sonny? Friend in Need—Yep. Bilks—I wish you'd run home and get an ax. I struck this position this forenoon, and couldn't get back, and got frozen up. Hurry up, will you? —Tid Bits.



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